

Text Arne Babenhauserheide, 2016, to the Melody of Firesoul by Aryana

<sup>e</sup> I sigh in the wind, for my <sup>G</sup> heart wants to fly,  
<sup>a</sup> to wing through the storm and to <sup>D</sup> look at the sky,  
but <sup>e</sup> choices are made, and I stand by my <sup>D</sup> word <sup>e</sup>  
<sup>a</sup> and don't care if anyone else <sup>e</sup> might have <sup>D</sup> heard <sup>e</sup>.

I move on my path, I've chosen my way,  
each crossing takes possible futures away,  
but never to choose just worsens your need,  
and a choice quick retracted does not make a street.

I love stories of choices which people take far,  
but most stories show people who will find a star,  
so they don't show which hardships may happiness bring,  
or the mission you choose for yourself with a ring.

I now find little freedom in paths without aim,  
I'm older, I'm stronger, I've chosen my game,  
children ask others, that's not my concern,  
I'm walking my path and it's harvest I'll earn.

Freedom is different when some ways block,  
For wind to play music you guide it through rock,  
A storm roaming freely gainst strength from the sun,  
where channelled through mountains it's yielding to none.

My power is freedom, my path is my own,  
with friends walking near, I am never alone,  
for humans need kinship for strength to survive,  
knowing you all helps my dreaming to thrive.

For in this special weekend where freedom I live,  
I gain strength from fire and healing I give,  
from all of fyour voices, your friendship and dreams,  
for something like joy means much more than it seems.

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to wing through the storm and to look at the sky,  
but choices are made, and I stand by my word  
and don't care if anyone else might have heard.

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I'm older, I'm stronger, I've chosen my game,  
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